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VOL. XXXII.

SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

NO. 52.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

My voice, have your voice;
Thrill us, lovely, laughing eyes;Turn December into May
Underneath these frosty skies.Laugh, ye grown-up children, too!
What, though sober in your glee,
Sweet old memories glimmer through
Of the days that used to be.

Ring the joy bells all around,

Hail the sacred Christmas morn,
For the peace of life is found.

And the hope of heaven is born.

Peace for every weary heart;

Hope, for every struggling soul;

Joy, that never can depart;

Love, to consecrate the whole.

—William Winter.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Miss Bridget was an old maid; that is, she had been so long remained single and known as "Miss Bridget" that her friends and neighbors would have scented the idea of her ever being called by any other name. There had been, to be sure, vague rumors of an early fondness on her part for some curly-headed youth; but whether that fondness had been reciprocated or not was a question only set at rest by the general opinion that no one could have been so fortunate as to win her love, so it was consequently concluded that the curly-headed youth had gone to sea, and been shipwrecked and drowned, and that Miss Bridget had "worn the willow" ever since, and would always continue to do so, for his sweet sake.

The only reason for this sad and catastrophic suspicion was in the kind possession, by Miss Bridget, of a miniature representing a young man having large blue eyes and curling light hair, and clad in a blue jacket; yet on this slender hypothesis was erected a complete sealing romance, which Miss Bridget's friends delighted in rehearsing for her edification whenever they felt the need of uttering some lighted chaff.

It was in the autumn that he had gone away from home and remained now, when the season had returned, and the brown leaves pattered on the stone walks in the garden, she had felt the sadness of his crushed-out longings, and hopes press heavily upon her.

Now, when the shrill blasts were wailing mournfully outside, and the chattering minstrels, who promised to be green with only a day off, the depression of her spirit seemed almost beyond the control of her dearly bought self-command.

It was toward dusk on Christmas eve, and she sat alone by the bright fire in the sitting-room, and that she might for once accept the painful pleasure of reminiscence she let her memory carry her back to those halcyon days twenty years gone.

She had been surrounded by a group of young and happy beauties all the afternoon; but when they had dropped away and left her all alone, and so she sat, deep in thought, when a loud rap of the knocker startled her for a moment, and she came out of her reverie, thinking it might be the return of one of her late visitors—a new one; and so her face, which had had a few moments become dead with lines of unrest, softened into its usual placidity.

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From the polished iron mastiffs that guarded the portal, to the brass knobs and the brass knocker of the front door, all was shiny and in order. The interior of the house was a marvel of neatness and comfort. The massive furniture, dark wood and daily frieze, though unfurnished, and out of date, was stately and comfortable.

The bright candle coal fire in the sitting-room, that flashed in the large open grate as soon as the brown leaves in the garden began to fall, was a charm in itself. The polished brass fire dogs and fenders were for ornament, not for utility, minded one of the stability and security of old-time castles. And when Miss Bridget could be seen sitting in front of the fire at dusk, with some of her young friends about her, the scene of home comfort and quietude was complete.

Miss Bridget's household was orderly throughout, which had been followed for forty years; but, ever since she was a baby, and a beautiful young mother and a strong, manly father sat in the room she now occupied.

The same highly respectable butler—white-haired and time-worn waited at table; the same fat and equally respectable housekeeper managed her domestic concerns, and had managed them for her mother before her, and, like the old stone house, was, in fact, one of the last relics of the life of a half century before, when it was a home and a joy to have lived in it, instead of a disease and insanity it is nowadays.

Miss Bridget's, in truth, a couple-necked, and almost daily she would be found surrounded by young, charming, and gayly dressed ladies of the fashionable world—who sought a Miss Bridget's society a nameless charm which seemed to soothe the feverish excitement under which they lived, and to remind them of an existence more beautiful if less brilliant and tender and sweet in its every element than earthly posses and refinement. Miss Bridget was possessed of a competence, and of competent servants, honest, faithful, to dispense it; therefore her domestic avocations were few.

Many of her friends wondered how she received her time, for she was never seen with either old or boy in her hands. True, she read much, and of the newest; and her music was something to be remembered, as of the utterance of a harmonious soul through sympathetic fingers. Still, the greater portion of her time was unaccounted for to the curious.

Meanwhile there was wretchedness and sorrow and starvation in the way of the great city that recognized in her an angel of mercy and a constant savior from the worst of evils.

There were poor, down-trodden creatures who had told how many of Miss Bridget's acts of benevolence to be a vanity and unworthy, and therefore these acts of hers passed in the dimmest record unknown of men.—*Harper's Monthly.*

REVOLTING SAVAGE RITES.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF MISSION LIFE IN AFRICA.

A Terrible Picture of Cruelty Practiced by Fetiche Priests—Human Flesh for Public Sale.

The Rev. Ferdinand Meshini and the Rev. William Connaughton have arrived from Africa, where they have been conducting the services along the gold coast, around the White Nile and the Soudan. The societies of which they are members is known as the Society of African Missions. An interesting history of the perils of mission life was graphically related by Father Meshini. From the reverend father's account human sacrifices still made trading are still exten-

sive which had chastened and saddened those who had been a life of bitter disappointment, as well as of entire self-abnegation; yet such it was.

The intuition which grasps at truth, even unknowingly, had seized the secret of her heart in its furthest division on the mere sight of her.

Twenty years before, Miss Bridget had loved and been loved by the curly-headed young man whose portrait she preserved; and the separation of the threads of their lives, which ought to have been woven together perpetually, had been a sad, sore episode which had chastened and saddened those who had been a life of bitter disappointment, as well as of entire self-abnegation; yet such it was.

A few months of constant association and of growing love and then sickening disappointment of blighted hopes, and the young man had donned the blue jacket by which the artist painted him, and was destined to be the object of their mutual contempt.

Even correspondence was forbidden them by her parents—who loved their only child with that ignorant love that does not foresee; and as she was dutiful and was proud, the thread had been cut, and they had drifted widely apart.

It had been in the autumn that he had gone away from home and remained now, when the season had returned, and the brown leaves pattered on the stone walks in the garden, she had felt the sadness of his crushed-out longings, and hopes press heavily upon her.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

TRADITIONAL OBSERVANCES OF THE SEASON IN ENGLAND.

Religious Sentiments and Popular Superstitions—Carols, Games and Customs.

All the angels in Heaven shall sing.
Silver or copper or gold if you can.

But not by sports alone did our an-

cestors keep the Christmas of olden time;

Strifes were forgotten during this hol-

iday season and hospitality reigned every-

where, while Christmas charities were liberally extended to all the poor and suffering.

Then the carols were not forgot-

ten, Birds of prey soon dispose of his body.—*New York World.*

Chinese Temple Theatres.

Miss Gordon Cumming says in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: Of all the odd methods ever devised by any nation for combining amusement with religion, I know of none so quaint as the theatrical entertainments provided by wealthy Chinamen for the education of their sons of the perilous mission life in the Amur, Sacha, Amur, and the Yellow River.

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Meanwhile there were none who did

not esteem her happy above most, for she was the belle of the ball.

And those would have marred

had they read her heart, and that she had been a life of bitter disappointment, as well as of entire self-abnegation; yet such it was.

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The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1884.

\$1.50 A YEAR.
The Press entered its thirty-second volume January 1, 1884.
Now it's time for the year. It will be our endeavor to make the Press interesting and entertaining than ever.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 3, 1884.

—Another year is nearly numbered with the past, and we are permitted again to tender our readers the compliments of the Holiday season. May 1885 be a prosperous and happy year to all our patrons and friends.

Public Schools.

List of Public School Teachers examined and licensed by the County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Forsyth county, since Dec. 3rd, 1883, up to Nov. 1884.

I GRADE.

Messrs. F. H. Morris, J. S. Sides, S. H. Everett, J. W. Speer, Wm. H. Conley, J. S. Barlow, Geo. W. Snyder, Wm. L. Linthicum, E. D. Sides, D. S. Rothrock, R. W. King, E. L. Kiser, Geo. Harper, Ellis Hauser, J. B. Sprinkle, C. P. Sprinkle, S. S. Flynt, A. P. Huie, F. D. L. Messer, A. Sides, A. P. Davis, D. M. Vanice, E. J. Sapp, Jno. E. Fawcett, D. B. Binkley, H. L. Beckert, Miss Maggie Britz, Miss Fanzie Davis, Miss Ada Pfaff, Mrs. L. Dow, Miss Lucy Reed, T. Sprinkle, Walter Wadsworth, J. W. Pinchin, Henry Hulbert, Chas. A. Horner and J. F. Grindell, the last two promoted from second grade upon re-examination.

II GRADE.

Messrs. J. H. Daniel, M. C. Meague, Flavins Pfaff, J. L. Phillips, M. M. Haslett, Jas. H. Conrad, J. L. Armfield, J. F. Armfield, N. Smith, C. G. Plunkett, G. H. Idol, W. Morris, J. H. Hege, D. A. Brendle, Jno. A. Holder, R. L. Sapp, A. B. Atwood, Wm. Teague, Jas. W. Murray, D. W. C. Flynt, J. C. Mock, J. A. Long, Misses G. Rainey, M. Deen, J. Deen, L. Sprang, B. Hendrix, A. Herndon.

III GRADE.

Oscar M. Teague.
COLORED.
I GRADE.
Chavis.
II GRADE.

Betty C. Bevil, M. C. Rodgers, R. S. Bailey, S. A. Adams, W. A. Brown, Mason Gwyn, Wm. A. Wright, Sally Roberts.

It has been reported to the Board of

the County Court that the public instruction that several teachers are employed in the public schools without certificates from the Superintendent. It would be well for all teachers, before applying for schools, to see that their certificates cover the entire time they propose to teach, from beginning to end. The Superintendent has been instructed by the County Board to extend no certificates so as to cover back time. Committee-men should require of those who apply for schools under their charge, that they be provided with certificates from the County Superintendent for the whole term during which they are employed to teach. Otherwise the Committee may have trouble about the payment of their teachers, as the Superintendent is forbidden to counter-sign any orders for pay, where the law has not been duly complied with.

A. L. BURNER.

C. Supt. Pub. Inst.

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

Christian Concert, Thursday Evening, December 18, 1884.

From the Raleigh Chronicle.

To THE CHRONICLE.—It was the pleasure of your correspondent to attend the Christmas Concert of Salem Female Academy, on the evening of December 18, and to say it was well rendered, especially to repeat what has often been said about everything connected with this excellent school, and about that which is directed by Prof. Frederick Argote, its Musical Director.

The choruses, solos, duets, instrumental and vocal, were the best it has ever been our pleasure to listen to. Each performance and vocal solo seemed to be a professor, so perfect were their manipulations of the keys of the pianos and their control of the human voice. The recitations of two classes of little girls were rendered with such perfect nerve as to seem as if but one person was speaking. Hiawatha's "Womina," as given by Miss Stokes, of Virginia, a beautiful tenor, and while she told us of "Laughing Water" and her lover, we could but think that there were others besides the Indian woman from the land of beautiful women. Miss Murphy, in round full tones, recited to us a beautiful Christmas hymn, and showed perfect training in elocution.

The School, notwithstanding the shortage in corps, has fully as many students as previously, and we were told by Dr. Routhaler, the president Principal, that their exhibit at the Exposition has created quite an enthusiasm on the part of the friends of the School, and drawn the attention of a larger number of patrons than ever before, and the Easter Term, which begins January 5th, promises a larger number than has ever attended.

Z. T. B.

Old Time Christmas Reminiscences.

In these festive days when old time customs are often spoken of, we purpose giving a brief sketch of Christmas memories of the Moravians in North Carolina. Some of these incidents yet linger as they came from the "oldest inhabitant," and have become as "household words among us" others not so clear and well authenticated, are just as true, and reflect the characters of our forefathers.

Among the pioneers of Western North Carolina were the Moravian brethren who first visited this State in 1752, under the leadership of Bishop Spangenberg. Leaving Bethlehem, Pa., in September of the above year, they arrived at Edenport, North Carolina, in a few weeks, after a rather uneventful horseback journey through the valley of Virginia. Here they met the agent of Lord Granville, who proposed to sell the brethren a lot of land upon the most favorable terms. They directed their steps westward to the Catawba, where they arrived in October. They pushed into this forest land and wandered for weeks without finding a resting place suitable for their settlement. At last, footsore, discouraged and nearly starved, they arrived at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and commenced to move eastward again, in the midst of winter, arriving among the rolling forest and meadow lands of the noble Yadkin. Here, utterly worn out and without food, they having found game extremely scarce, they found a temporary resting place among the hospitable settlers. Setting during their wanderings their hearts yearned for their comfortable homes in Pennsylvania and Germany, and only found relief in encouraging each other, and on November 13th they felt strengthened as they thought of the all protecting power of their Lord and Master as the head of the church.

In the later days of December they rested with the settlers on the Yadkin, 14 miles from the spot where Salem now stands, and considerably nearer their final home at Bethabara (Old Town), and celebrated their first Christmas in North Carolina amid the lofty pines, green cedar and crimson berried holly, according to their custom. And surely the Christians tree was, as from Germany, the home of Huss and Luther, we get this now almost universal custom. For Moravians it is no difficult matter to imagine the firelit cabin walls dressed in evergreen and the rude fireplace heaped with "light-wood knot," which blazed up on Christ mass Eve, when the good Bishop rehearsed the grand old story of the Saviour's birth. Torches instead of candles emblemized the glory which came into the world on Bethlehem's plains announced by the "heralding angels." (It was, and is yet, the custom among the Moravians as conclusion of the low Mass eve.)

—After being burnt out twice by very bad conductors, again

... makes its appearance, so size, as bright and new as ever. The Messenger is one of the largest, and ranks among the best papers in the country.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED ILLUSTRATED—Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully reflects its present condition as this last edition of Webster's, that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Philadelphia *Times* came to us a few days past, next morning after it was printed. It is one of our best valued exchanges, and its political articles during the campaign were among the most reliable. Believing in the election of Cleveland, it moved in its faith, and thus approved the soundness of its movement. During the week of suspense, uncertainty which followed the election, it contended that the figures first published approximated as near as possible the final result. It is reliable in all its departments and a first-class newspaper.

One year later, October 1753, the first company of brethren, for a permanent settlement, set out from Bethlehem, Penna., the pastor, Jacob Loesch (Lash), the great grandfather of the Lash family, in charge of the business interests of the colony, Hans Martin Kalberlah, a stalwart Norwegian and an excellent physician. The other five brothers were farmers and mechanics, mostly emigrants from Europe. Bro. Seidel and Bro. Liebel, of Pennsylvania, and Gottlieb Konigsdorfer, of Saxony, Germany, came with the brethren as friends and advisors.

Their route led through the western part of Virginia. In a wagon with six horses they carried with them various articles needed on a long journey over roads seldom traveled. On Saturday, the 17th of November, at 3 o'clock, P. M., they reached the spot where stood to this day the town of Bethabara, now commonly called Old Town; thanking the Lord for his gracious help and protection vouchsafed unto them during their long and toilsome journey of nearly six weeks.

Here they found shelter in a small cabin, built and previously inhabited by a German by the name of Hans Wagner, but then unoccupied. Four days after their arrival, November 21st, the brethren celebrated the Lord's Supper, and the earnest brotherly love they displayed, made a lasting impression on the people of the vicinity. Even the wandering Indians who passed by the brethren's settlement called it the "Dutch Fort, where there were good people and much bread."

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The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Harrison Reed is very sick with pneumonia.

FAMILY BIBLES at Blum's Bookstore.

Mrs. Kerman is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Kremer.

The Easter term of Salem Female Academy will commence January 5th, 1885.

R. A. Hamilton and lady, of Ashe county, were pleased to see last week.

Last Sunday was the shortest day, and gloomy weather day. Only 9 and a half hours day light.

Rev. J. E. Mann, years ago pastor of the M. E. Church in Winston, is on a visit to our sister town.

The breaks of Tobacco have been unusually heavy for the past few weeks, commanding fair prices.

Rev. J. T. Bagwell, the new pastor of the M. E. Church, in Winston, preached his first sermon on Sunday last.

CHILDREN'S SUITS, CHILDREN'S SUITS, all ages and prices, at the **Baltimore Clothing House** (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

Rain, snow and sleet Thursday, Saturday, night and Sunday, drizzling rain, sleet and snow. Freezing all day Sunday. Ice for skating on Saturday, and the boys and girls enjoyed the sport.

F. W. Nostrand, representing Harper & Brother, New York, is making a Southern tour. He is among us taking notes, and gave us a friendly call.

SOme DAVIDSON COUNTY HOGS—Abbott's Creek Township—Lee Stafford slaughtered 5 hogs, heaviest weighing 311. Jeffery Idol 5, heaviest 235. M. A. Tesh 2, average 180. John Bodenhamer, Sr., 2, average 200. John C. Smith, 3, weighing in all 1000. Wm. Gibbons, 1, 225 Dan Rice, 5, weight 1000. A. P. Teague, 2, average 220. Tatum Phillips, 4, weighing 1100.

A. L. Mock, of Clemmons, 2 hogs, 15 months old, weighing 492 and 402. D. C. Clodfelter, 1, weighing 551.

HEAVY PORK—Daughtry, W. W. Phillips, 2 hogs, weighing 388 and 338. J. M. Vogler, 1, 298. W. T. Brown, 1, 517.

Joseph Thomas of Broadbay township, 4 hogs, from 8 to 14, months old, weighing 1050.

Irwin Blum, of Winston, 2 hogs, weighing 301 and 385.

KERNESVILLE Rufus Harmon, slaughtered 1 hog, weighing 405. H. Davis, 1 hog, 342. W. B. Leak, 2 332 and 314.

EAST BEND—Thomas Davis, killed 13 hogs, weighing 3,012. Henry L. Norman, 1 hog, 460. Monroe An gel, 1 hog, 420.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! all SHADES and PRICES for the Cull den at the **Baltimore Clothing House**, (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

A sacred Cantata entitled "The Night of Glory" will be given by the scholars of Salem on Sunday School, on the night of December 26th, Christmas Day, at 7 o'clock, P. M., in the Salem Church. It consists of solos, duets and choruses, both words and music relating to the birth of Him whose special festival is Christmas. That the Cantata will be a rich musical treat goes without saying, and though it is the most difficult of any of the programmes yet offered by the Sunday School, the energy and talents that has been brought to bear upon it will ensure its perfect rendering. "The Sunday School is the nursery of the Church," has been often quoted; and this is most aptly illustrated when the whole school in the Cantata, leads voice and presence in a joint concert relating to the birth of Him who was and is the special friend of the children. We hope the School will feel encouraged by a large audience, to increase its efforts, and that the flourishing years of the past may be but a faint echo of the great good to be accomplished in the future.

"Call and examine my line of FINE GENTS' FURNISHINGS, at the **Baltimore Clothing House**, (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

Concert at the Academy.

Appropriately enough the Concert at Salem Female Academy on last Thursday evening ushered in the Christmas holiday, and although the weather was anything but agreeable a large audience attended. The performances were of a very pleasant character and were given with much smoothness and strict attention to detail. There was no evidence of "stage fright" on the part of any of the performers which added no little to the enjoyment of the evening. The chorus work was very well done, shaded expeditiously, the forte parts being given with great power. Although in the hands of Prof. Agthe for the past four months only, the Singing Class has made a notable beginning, and we shall expect much from it at the June concert.

The piano solos and duos were given with spirit and finish, and the lack of affection together with the self-possession of the young ladies added to the enjoyment of the music which, while of a high class, was carefully adapted to the acquirements of the players.

In the vocal selections the beauty of the voices, the purity of tone and vocalization, and the absence of any operative effect, the applause was as sincere as it was earnest, and we

DIED.

In Winston, on Friday last, Mrs. Louisa C. Sussendorff, the esteemed wife of C. F. Sussendorff, aged 67 years 1 month and 24 days.

In Winston on Friday last, Willie B. Carter, son of W. B. Carter, aged 2 years and 6 months.

At his home, in Emmons township, Davidson county, JONES O. MILLER. He was a member of the Legislature some years ago.

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hope the young ladies will feel encouraged to redouble their praiseworthy efforts in the cultivation of the voice.

The re-introduction of recitations was very satisfactory. "Hiawatha's Wooing" was superbly recited, the sentiment of the poem being admirably adapted to the mellifluous voice of the speaker. Kelle's "Chris-mas Hymn" most appropriately closed the programme, with the exception of a chorus, and was very well delivered, the grand lines being almost intoned. The chorus recitations were marked by strict tempo and good pronunciation. The little folks were deeply interested in their share of the concert and added much to its success.

Prof. Agthe's work is already seen, and his labors entitle a most gratifying reward in the words of praise which have been spoken. Earnest, sincere, a stern fit to all shams and false effects, he is eminently fitted for the Professorship of Music in a school like Salem Female Academy, whose reputation was founded on the truth in art, science, music and general education.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MENS', YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING at the **Baltimore Clothing House**, (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

—Here is a list of the Books required for the present year of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle:

—Brief History of Greece, Steele, \$ 60

Preparatory Greek Course in English, Wilkinson, 1.00

Chautauqua Text Book, Cyrus and Alexander Abbott, 10.00

The Art of Speech, Townsend, 1.00

The Character of Jesus, How to help the Poor, History of the Reformation, The Chautauqua Monthly Magazine, for 10 months, 1.50

Discount to Clubs, 10 per cent, 6.40

Chemistry, by Prof. Appleton, No discount, 1.00

\$6.76

A number of persons can unite in purchasing a set of books, and divide the cost.

Saves the Minutes, Minutes make Hours, Hours make Days, Days make Weeks, Weeks make Years, Save the Minutes.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle proposes to help you do this. The course of reading and study for the term of ten months, can be accomplished by saving forty minutes a day.

STOKES COUNTY.

[FROM THE REPORTER AND POST.]

We learn that some parties out doing deer on the mountains just west of Danbury last week, killed five—three does and two very large bucks.

At the railroad meeting held in Danbury last week a committee, consisting of Messrs. W. W. King, N. M. Pepper and R. B. Glenn, was appointed to draft a heading for a subscription and see that books are provided in each township in the country for the convenience of any who may wish to contribute something to aid in the construction of a railroad to Danbury. Now, gentlemen, put up or shut up.

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KILLING HOGS QUICKLY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW METHODS CONTRASTED.

"Hog-Killing Time" on the Farm. How Hogs Are Killed and Dressed in Lightning Time.

In one of his "Short Talks with the Boys," published in the Detroit Free Press, the well known writer, M. Quad, says:

"Yes, I've been there! Indeed, 'hog-killing time' is a time to be remembered for a lifetime. We were up at daybreak, filling the big kettles with water, bringing up wood, and making everything ready. After breakfast the ox sled was drawn up and covered over with boards, the fires lighted, and the butcher knives sharpened for work. The hawks perched in the trees, anxious of their impending fate, growled and complained over the absence of the morning meal, and it wasn't so very soft heated in us to express pity for the animals we had fed from little pigs."

When the killers were ready the long fastened pigpen door was lowered and one of the men, having caught a porker by the leg and drew him near, and amidst his shrieks and struggles the knife was thrust into his throat. The carcass was then lifted upon the sled and two or three men soused it into a slanting barrel of hot water and hauled it out again. There were all sorts of traps and hooks made to remove the bristles, and after rinsing the porker was hung up to be dissected and left to freeze.

Things may have greatly changed in twenty-five years, but in the days I write of the first hog was no sooner dressed than we were sent off with fresh meat for the market. The men, Mrs. Greenes, and all enjoyed it for dinner and returned the compliment within a fortnight. There was a great muss around the yard for two or three days, a bigger muss in the house for full week, and when the last hog was loaded for market or in the barrel, it was considered a job well done.

Now, my lads, let's drop into a slaughter-house in Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Chicago and see if the old-fashioned methods have been improved on. Instead of finding a pen full of hogs we find them by the acre in the big yard where they are separated from the pens. From the end to the top floor of the slaughter-house is an inclined plane something like what you will find at wheat elevators in small towns for farmers' teams to drive up. Two or three boys with switches are kept in the yard to urge the animals up the plane, and they rush down the top expecting a square meal of corn.

The pen is presided over by a man whose heart is devoid of pity for the whole hog race. He holds in his hand a steel clasp attached to a stout chain. The clasp works like a pair of ice tongs—the more pull the tighter the grip while the chain is even more rigid. It is a stock overhead, and from thence passes down over a cylinder or drum worked by a hand steam engine. Keep watch of the man. With a swift movement he attaches the clasp to a hind leg, the engine gives a puff and the animal travels up to the pen. The animals are counted five. There is a click, and the next lets go of the pulley, and away go pulley and pig together, the track on which the former runs being a gradual descent.

There are a few driblets sputtered from the hog as he rolls along, but only a few. The first man he comes to is the stinker, who is a man with a long sharp knife in his hand. One thrust of the knife does for the victim, and he travels along to the scalding vat, and another click loosens the clasp, and he takes a plunge into the hot water. Stout men with hooks catch and turn him over, and then a sort of gridiron is set from the bottom of the tank, lifting him upright, it is then dumped upon a broad belt which carries him into the scraping machine.

Up to a few years ago the scraping was done by four men, two of whom scraped one side and passed the body along to the other, while the remaining arms followed with a long sharp knife in his hand. One thrust of the knife does for the victim, and he travels along to the scalding vat, and another click loosens the clasp, and he takes a plunge into the hot water. Stout men with hooks catch and turn him over, and then a sort of gridiron is set from the bottom of the tank, lifting him upright, it is then dumped upon a broad belt which carries him into the scraping machine.

Poultry Notes.

A box in which a trio of full-grown birds is confined for a few days' journey need not be larger than twenty inches in by eighteen long and deep. Dealers in poultry are now using boxes of this size for unnecessary express charges.

Packing eggs there is nothing better than the regular egg case so generally used. When it is desirable to pack eggs in the house for setting they should be kept on the little end in brand. Boxes could be made with shelves of boards provided with holes large enough to hold the eggs.

To much meat is undesirable for fowls. They can get used to eating almost anything and not hurt them, but successful poultrymen feed meat somewhat sparingly. For the first month, chickens should be fed once in two hours if size desired. Cooked food is acknowledged by every one to be the best.

Negligence brings ruin to the poultryman, and it is a good rule of law that nothing cleanliness be observed. No preparation yet devised can compensate for or make fowls productive while infested with lice or allowed to live in a foul atmosphere. Cleanliness in poultry culture promotes health, productivity and fertility, beside saving food.—*Poultry World.*

Meat food can be kept in one house provided the place is kept clean, well ventilated, and furnished with a good run. The fowls should have wholesome food varied with green stuff, ground bone and oyster shells. Fowls' should become used to their quarters before extreme cold weather. Be careful and protect them against cold winds. An open shed facing the south is a grand thing. A house at least 12x20 feet is necessary to hold fifty fowls. Sand for the floor is most desirable.

The killing and cleaning are only reduced to a science, but steam is made to take the place of mangle wherever possible, and everything moves by the watch.

Steaks not only does all the lifting and carrying, but beats the great vats in which the meat is reduced. Out side pieces which are sorted into two or three grades as it is handled, therefore the hams, the shoulders, the "sous," the bristles, and the hoofs.

The bristles go to the brush makers, the feet to the glue and soap factories, and really nothing but the eyes and teeth are wasted.

You may find them in England, France, or Russia, but to Europe, but the bacon finds its way not only all over the Republic, but to Europe, and the delicious sugar cured hams meet the American tourist from Dublin to Australia.

Any boy from fourteen to eighteen years old will get the opportunity to spend half a day in a stock yard, will see sights not only to amaze him, but a system of order that will give him a hundred useful hints.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do when they have planted, to see if they are growing.

It is stated that Louisiana has about 49,000,000,000 feet of pine in her forests.

Forty-five German cities and towns have now gone to the extravagance of the telephone.

A sweet thing in crockery: The sugar bowl.—*Hartford Times.*

FARM GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

VINES ON HOUSES.

The American Gardener notes the prevailing opinion that vines make houses ugly, for which reason there are not nearly so many cottages and houses beautified with vines as there should be. It is only when the climbers are allowed to cover the eaves and obstruct the gutters, or find their way into the shingles, that they become objectionable, and the ramifications should, of course, be carefully guarded against. To the same effect the Gardner's Monthly remarks: "Vines should always be kept down below the roof. It is a little trouble to do this once a year, but we cannot get even a vine to climb without some trouble." Those who know how to care for vines and how easy looks a cottage covered with vines will not object to the few hours' labor it requires to make a nice entree, cut across the core in slices, and then browned in lard, butter and lard mixed; drain them and serve them hot. They make a nice garnish for roast pork when prepared in this way. Some cooks use beef drippings instead of lard and like the flavor better.

If you fear that preserves of any kind are liable to ferment, they should be heated to the boiling point and thoroughly scalded, to make for the winter. The same is true of soup stock.

Cottage pies make a nice entree, cut across the core in slices, and then browned in lard, butter and lard mixed; drain them and serve them hot. They make a nice garnish for roast pork when prepared in this way. Some cooks use beef drippings instead of lard and like the flavor better.

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